The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of nature,
That from the prime creation euer he framed,
Thus both are gone with conſcience and remorſe,
They could not ſpeake and ſo I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloudie king. *Enter K. Richard.*
And here he comes, all haile my ſoueraigne leige.
King. Kind Tirrell am I happie in thy newes.
Tyr. If to haue done the thing you giue in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happie then
For it is done my Lord.
King. But didſt thou ſee them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirrell*?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the tower hath buried them,
But how or in what place I do not know.
Tir. Come to me *Tirrel* ſoone at after ſupper,
And thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire. *Exit Tirrel.*
Farewel til ſoone.
The ſonne of Clarence haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanelie haue I matcht in mariage,
The ſonnes of Edward ſleepe in Abrahams boſome,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world godnight,
Now for I know the Brittaine Richmond aimes
At young Elizabeth, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the crowne,
To her I go a iollie thriuing woer, *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good newes or bad that thou comſt in ſo bluntly?
Cates. Bad newes my lord, *Ely* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardie Welchmen,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power increaſeth.
King. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neare
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied armie:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden ſeruitour to dull delaie,
Delaie leades impotent and ſnaile-pact beggerie,
Then fierie expedition be my wing,

Ioues

Ioues Mercurie and Herald for a king:
Come muſter men, my counſaile is my ſhield,
We muſt be briefe when traitors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margaret ſola.

Q. Mar. So now proſperitie begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of Death:
Here in theſe confines ſlilie haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduerſaries:
A dire induction am I witneſſe to,
And wil to Fraunce, hoping the conſequence
Wil prooue as bitter, blacke and tragical.
Withdraw thee wretched Margaret, who comes here?

Enter the Qu. and the Dutcheſſe of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young princes, ah my tender babes!
My vnblowne flowers, new appearing ſweets,
If yet your gentle ſoules flie in the ayre
And be not fixt in doome perpetual,
Houer about me with your aierie winges,
And heare your mothers lamentation.
Qu. Mar. Houer about her, ſaie that right for right,
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night.
Quee. Wilt thou, O God, flie from ſuch gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe:
When didſt thou ſleepe when ſuch a deed was done?
Q. Mar. When holie *Harry* died, and my ſweet ſonne.
Dutch. Blind ſight, dead life, poore mortal liuing ghoſt,
Woes ſceane, worlds ſhame, graues due by life vſurpt,
Reſt thy vnreſt on englands lawful earth,
Vnlawfullie made drunke with innocents bloud.
Qu. O that thou wouldſt as wel afford a graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholie ſeate,
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here:
O who hath anie cauſe to mourne but I!
Duch. So manie miſeries haue crazd my voice
That my woe-wearied toong is mute and dumbe.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Qu. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefite of ſignorie,